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De Koven, Reginald.

The Knickerbockers; libretto.

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KNICKERBOCKERS
The Bostonians
IN
IDEAL ENGLISH
OPERA

AN

[redacted]

THE

KNICKERBOCKERS;

A

COMIC OPERA

IN

THREE ACTS.

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REGINALD DEKOVEN.

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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

WILLIAM THE TESTY.....Governor of New Amsterdam.
HENDRICK.....Son of the Burgomaster Schemerhorn.
MILES BRADFORD, a Puritan captain in love with the daughter of the Governor.
ANTONY VAN CORLEAR.....The Governor's trumpeter.
DIETRICK SCHEMERHORN.....Burgomaster.
PRISCILLA.....A Puritan damsel betrothed to Hendrick.
KATRINA.....Daughter of the Governor, beloved by Miles.
DAME KIEFT.....The Governor's wife.
VAN WART.....A Dutch captain.
BARBARA.....A damsel of New Amsterdam.
KILLIAN VAN RENSSELAER,
NICHOLAS VAN NOSTRAND,
JACOBUS RHEINLANDER,
JAN VAN PELT,
RIP VAN BRUNT,
PETER SUYDAM,
WILHELM TEN EYCK, } .....Burghers of New Amsterdam.

Chorus of citizens, sailors, soldiers, dames and damsels of New Amsterdam, etc., etc., etc.

THE KNICKERBOCKERS.

ACT I.

SCENE. *The market-place of New Amsterdam. The flag of Holland flying upon a staff. At right is a tavern with a wide porch upon which are chairs and tables. At left is the house and shop of Dietrick Schemerhorn, over the door of which is a sign representing a tailor at work. The buildings are of old Dutch architecture. A view of the Hudson and the opposite shore. Before the curtain rises, a trumpet call is heard on the stage. The curtain rises. Antony is discovered. He holds his trumpet upon which he blows a blast.*

Antony. Ye people of New Amsterdam, attention!
Our worthy Burgomaster has some things to say;
So heed my call without the least dissension
And gather in the market-place without delay.
Heed the call.
(Tan ta ra!)
One and all.
(Tan ta ra!)

(*During this, two women, one old, the other young, appear in the window of the house at left. Four men enter from the tavern and stand listening upon the porch. They gesticulate to each other, beckon others upon the stage. Young and old men and women enter. Some of the men are artisans and carry their tools of trade as if they had come directly from their shops. Dame K. enters from house R. with the others.*)

Artisans. From work benches come we all.
Prithee, why this trumpet call?
Damsels. And you kindly will forgive
If *we* seem inquisitive.
Burghers. Weighty matters of the state
While we tarry here must wait.
Matrons. Palter not, but tell us, pray,
Why from work we're called away.

All. Tell us why this trumpet call?
Why give us this invitation?
What is it your mind enthralls?
Mayhap some new proclamation.
Alas! No morning press have we
To bring us tidings daily,
But Antony is substitute. He does the best he may.
His trumpet sounds; then, as you see,
We gather quickly, gayly;
Yes, we readily assemble;
With expectancy we tremble
As that trumpet we obey.

Antony. I do not know the reason, I declare.
My fee is all I care for.
Call out the worthy burgher who lives there
And ask of him the wherefore.

(*Points to house left.*)

All. Beyond all doubt,
We 'll have him out
And ask of him the wherefore.
Rat-tat-tat! Good sir, come out
And put an end to all this doubt.

(*Dietrick Schemerhorn enters from the house.*)

Dietrick. Welcome, friends and neighbors all, ay, welcome ev'ry one.
I 've called you hither to announce the wedding of my son.

All. A wedding!

Dietrick. He weds a stranger damsel who hath neither lands nor pelf.
I do not like the match, but then — he 'll tell you more himself.

(*The music changes to a sentimental melody as Hendrick enters. By the doorstep are two gaudy bouquets.*)

Hendrick. Give me joy, kind comrades, pray,
For this is my wedding day.
Brightly dawns my marriage morning.
Never shone the sun with fairer light.
Ne'er a cloud above gives warning
That our happiness can e'er take flight.
Love and Hope on youth are smiling;
She I love so well hath not said nay;
So, all fear, all care beguiling,
I 'll be happy, happy for to-day.

All. Brightly dawns his marriage morning, etc.

(*Exit Antony.*)

Barbara. But whom have you selected, fair sir? You have not looked with vast favor upon any damsel among us.

Hendrick. Nay. I fear me that I am unworthy of any of you. Moreover, you are acquaint with all my faults. Therefore have I chosen a foreigner to be my bride.

All. A foreigner?

Dietrick. What say ye to that, masters? A stranger to us, — a Puritan! There 's a dutiful son for ye.

Dame K. What! Is he going to marry a howling, desperate enemy of New Amsterdam?

All. Out upon him!

Dame K. To the pillory with him for treason!

Dietrick. Oh, it makes my blood boil to think of it! Here we are at war with the Puritans, and you must needs marry one of the hireling foe.

Dame K. I 'll wager that she 's a spy!

Hendrick. My Priscilla a spy! Thou pratest folly. A dove is not more gentle.

Dietrick. Gentle? Ods-pitikins! An impudent young baggage, a staring, bold-faced, swaggering, little minx, a —

Hendrick. A truce, father! Here she is.

Dietrick. Ahem! What say you? Who dares say aught against my daughter-in-law? I 'll brook it not.

(*Priscilla heard in the house.*)

Priscilla. Hendrick! Hendrick, where art thou? (*Priscilla enters.*) Oh' your pardon, gentle dames and gallants all. I had not thought to see so numerous a throng. I did but search for my good man that shall be, young Hendrick. This, in very sooth, is he.

Hendrick. Angel, your Hendrick is here and with him two poor posies that but feebly express his love for you. (*With a bow, he presents her with the bouquets.*)

Priscilla. Ods-bobs! Meseemeth these be pleasant gilliflowers, and I love thee for them — that is — as much as maiden may before witnesses (*very bashfully*).

Dame K. (*Aside.*) Gadzooks! I vow she is a spy.

(*A peal of chimes heard.*)

Hendrick. Those are our wedding bells, Priscilla. Come, you must drink your bridegroom's health.

Priscilla. Marry! that would I not mislike. Give me, so please ye a glass of pure water.

Dietrick. Drink healths in water? Ho, ho, ho! Not so! Give her a glass of old Rhenish wine. It has been in my house these twenty years.

Priscilla. Drink wine, sayest thou? In verity, I know not how. We Puritans drink naught save water and milk. But — sith Hendrick is so minded —

Hendrick. Ay, sweetheart. It is our custom.
Priscilla. Be it as Hendrick says. Fill me a glass.

(*Barbara enters the house for wine.*)

SONG. *Priscilla.*

A Puritan damsel, bashful, shy,
With pensive and modest mien am I,
And I ever must blush
With a rosy flush,
Whenever any man comes nigh.
I have ever held that love affairs
Are dangerous things and evil snares;
But a maiden's heart,
By the tempter's art,
Is won when she is unawares;
And so, when young Hendrick wooed one day,
Oh, I said to him over and over, "Nay";
With a curtsey low,
And a smile just so;
But he made me change that "Nay" to "Yea."
The simplest of Puritan speech is mine,
With my "thee" and "thou" and my "thy" and "thine,"
I am taught that a smile
Is an evil wile
Of a frivolous mind the sign.

(*Barbara pours a glass of wine. She gives the glass to Hendrick, who offers it to Priscilla.*)

ENSEMBLE.

Hendrick. Now, drink this draught of rosy wine.
The juice of the grape is a nectar fine.
All. What will she do? (*Aside.*)
Priscilla. The juice of the grape, you call divine,
I have been taught to think a draught malign.
What Hendrick says
His bride obeys;
So drink I my first glass of wine,
I'll see if 't is indeed divine.
All. To the health of the bride.

(*Priscilla after drinking, with a change of manner, suddenly loses her bashfulness.*)

Priscilla. Ah! how the heart thou dost fill with delight,
Rosy elixir so sparkling and bright.

Pulses long sleeping
Thou settest to leaping.
Nectar divine, I must yield to thy might.

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
'T is her first glass of wine,
And she thinks it divine.

(*Exeunt to music, Priscilla last taking leave of Hendrick, who remains. A commotion is heard immediately in the tavern, great noise and confusion, amid which Miles Bradford enters hurriedly. Pewter mugs and a loaf of bread are thrown after him.*)

Miles. (*Calling off into the inn.*) Come on, my jolly sea-dogs. One at a time I can deal with you, but as for tackling a whole ship's crew, why, Miles Bradford must respectfully decline.

Hendrick. (*Overhearing.*) Miles Bradford, did you say? Yes, it *is* Miles; my old friend, welcome to New Amsterdam.

Miles. You're wrong, my friend. I'm *not* welcome to New Amsterdam. Your Dutch sailors attacked a young countryman of mine in the tavern yonder. They charged him with being a spy. I went to help him, but he jumped out the window before I could get a good look at him, and his escape brought the whole crew at *me*. I knocked down the first one and then made my heels my friends.

Hendrick. 'T is like you, Miles. I mind me that you did a like service for me once, only then the assailants were painted redskins. But what brings you here, when your people have declared war against us?

Miles. A love affair! I'm in love with the Governor's daughter, Katrina. I think lightly of a love affair with no risks.

Hendrick. Egad! You have taken risks enough this time, for here comes the whole ship's crew eager for revenge. Never fear, my lad, I'll lend you my father's blunderbuss.

(*Hendrick and Miles retire to the house. Hendrick enters and returns immediately with a large old-fashioned blunderbuss, which he gives to Miles. Capt. Van Wart and sailors enter from the tavern. They come on to a hornpipe and circle around the stage to music.*)

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

From the far-off land of the dykes we sailed;
(Yo ho, jolly tars, yo ho!)
Our flag to the mast-head tightly nailed.
(Yo ho, jolly tars, yo ho!)
We sailed and we sailed for half a year.
Dutch sailors, we know, must slow appear;
But we're happy to say that at last we're here.
(Yo ho, jolly tars, yo ho!)

We have never made pretense to speed;
(Yo ho, jolly tars, yo ho!)
In fact we're a most slow-going breed.
(Yo ho, jolly tars, yo ho!)
Oh, we never can capture a maiden fair
Like Britannia's sailors gay, debonair;
But we've caution and prudence enough and to spare.
(Yo ho, jolly tars, yo ho!)

ENSEMBLE.

Miles. So so, my friends, you're seeking satisfaction.
Come on! You'll find I am a man of action.
Sailors. (*Weakly.*) Down with him! (*They push each other forward.*)
Hendrick. Come now, be fair, bold warriors of the sea,
Because a sailor like yourselves is he.
Captain V. A sailor he? No, no! You must be wrong.
But let him prove his craft then in a song.
All. A song! A song!
Miles. Right willingly the story I will tell
About a sailor whom I knew quite well.

SONG. *Miles.*

"THE WHISTLING SAILOR CAPTAIN."

I.

Hans Rapp was a gay and gallant skipper,
And he sailed on the Zuyder Zee,
His crew was true, and his ship a clipper,
Just as taut as craft could be.
He sailed for a year, for a year and a day,
And when he was becalmed one night,
He did n't despair with a moping air,
But whistled with all his might.

Pipe away, lads!
Pipe away, my lads,
Though the wind blow never a puff;
Yet a sturdy blast
Will arrive at last,
If you whistle long enough.
All. Pipe away, lads, etc.

(*They whistle the refrain.*)

II.

Miles. This plan never failed to work to perfection;
Explain it, whoever can;
For an ultimate breeze in some direction
In the course of time began.
So his faithful crew was persuaded quite
Of the power of a gay refrain;
But one night they whistled with so much might
They were lost in a hurricane.

Pipe away, lads!
Pipe away, my lads,
Though the wind blow never a puff,
Yet a sturdy blast
Will arrive at last.
If you whistle long enough.

All. Pipe away, lads, etc.

Miles. And now, my ocean rovers, if you are seeking a quarrel, just gaze down the muzzle of this. (*Presents the blunderbuss.*) It's yawning for you. Look out! (*They all fall back frightened.*)

Capt. V. Avast there, shipmate! We've thought it all over, and have concluded we've been insulted.

Miles. Then I'll give you satisfaction. Come on!

Capt. V. Hold hard there! Box her compass! (*Waving the gun aside.*) I didn't say that *I'd* been insulted, personally. *We've* been insulted all together. Eh, lads?

All. Ay, ay!

Miles. As you please. Name your champion and I'll blow him to mincemeat.

All. Champion?

Capt. V. Blow me out o' the water! You don't understand. You insulted us all together and you must fight us all together.

All. Ay ay!

Miles. The proposal is absurd and I refuse.

All. Refuse? You are a coward.

Capt. V. You understand? *Collectively* we call you a coward. (*To the crew.*) Had we better call him a lubber? Yes.

All. You're a lubber.

Miles. But I can't engage a whole ship's crew. If you have a doughty champion in New Amsterdam, produce him and I will meet him man to man, whether at skittles, cudgel playing, or a bout at fisticuffs.

(*A trumpet sounds off the stage.*)

Hendrick. Ha! The very man for your purpose, Antony Van Corlear, the Governor's trumpeter.

(*Antony enters pompously.*)

Miles. You are the man we want.

Antony. (*Blowing a surprised blast.*) I am?

Hendrick. Yes, New Amsterdam is insulted by a foreign foe. (*Antony blows again in surprise.*) We need a champion and you are the very man for the post.

(*Antony blows upon his trumpet a blast expressive of alarm and astonishment.*)

Miles. Come, my hearty, what say you?

Antony. No! I yearn to engage you in deadly strife, but it cannot be. We are unequally matched. If I kill you, what does it matter? One sailor more or less is of no consequence, but if you should kill me — ah — (*much affected he wipes his eyes with his sleeve*).

All. (*Imitating the gesture with emotion.*) Ah!

Antony. If you should kill me, my place could never be filled. My trumpet is the bulwark and defence of this nation, and there never was and never will be a trumpeter equal to Antony Van Corlear. (*Blows a mighty blast.*)

SONG. *Antony.*

I.

If you and I should meet
With gore as a possible sequel,
'T would not be fair,
I do declare,
For you 're very far from my equal.
In creatures such as you
Nature 's prodigal rather than frugal;
But on this earth
There 's a desperate dearth
Of men who can blow on the bugle.
Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra!
Of men who can blow on the bugle.

All. Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra!
Of men who can blow on the bugle.

II.

If I should slaughter you
There 'd be very small grief and pother;
If me you slay
The world will say:
"Oh, where can we get such another?"

You'd not be missed at all;
But they 'd miss my fantasias fugal.
There are tars in stacks
Who can hoist their slacks;
But few men adroit with the bugle.
Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra!
But few men adroit with the bugle.

All. Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra!
So few are adroit with the bugle.

RECITATIVE.

Miles. Whate'er advantage may to me accrue
From this, I volunteer to give to you.
Hendrick. Come on, nor play the craven longer.
Miles. We 'll see which of us is the stronger.

(*Miles puts away the blunderbuss. A sailor gives him a sword. Captain V. gives his sword to Antony. Miles attacks Antony, who defends himself. The sailors group in a semi-circle and encourage them. Antony is overcome. Katrina rushes in, comes down to the centre, the crowd dividing. She interferes between the combatants. Tableau. Chorus and Dame K. enter.*)

Katrina. Hold! Stay your hands!
All. Katrina! Katrina!
Katrina. (*To Miles.*)
Put up your swords, and peace pray make.
I ask it; grant it for my sake.
Miles. (*Aside.*) Katrina here! This fills me with alarm!
Antony. (*Aside.*) This damsel loves me; fears I 'll come to harm.
Katrina. (*To Antony.*)
Ah, yes, your danger fills me with dismay.
Who knows, p'rhaps you may marry me some day;
So I am glad to save
You from a hero's grave.

SONG. *Katrina.*

If there 's a lad who wants a wife,
And where are the lads that don't, boys?
I 'll name one who can make his life
What single blessings won't, boys;
For she can brew a steaming bowl
To chase away your sigh, lads;
Or jovial ballads she can troll:
The girl I mean is I, lads.

So, if you 'd wed this damsel gay,
Make your best haste and name the day.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday, Sunday.
Name the day
Without delay
So that it be but one day.
Shall it be April or June
March or December or May?
Or in the wane or the full of the moon?
Prithee, dear, name the day.

All. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, — etc.

II.

Katrina. If you could see the bread she bakes,
The poultry of her roasting,
If you could see her pies and cakes,
You would forgive her boasting.
She milks the cows, she churns and knits;
Right deftly can she spin, lads;
She is a lass of sprightly wits;
She is a lass to win, lads.
So if you 'd wed this damsel gay,
Make your best haste and name the day.

All. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, etc.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, etc.

(*All dance off.*)

Miles. My darling Katrina!

Katrina. (*Aside to Miles.*) Have a care! Would you betray us both? (*Severely to Miles.*) Sirrah, if your encounter has robbed you of your senses, it is well for you that I interfered, or our valiant Antony would have torn you limb from limb.

Antony. (*Proudly.*) Ay, Mistress Katrina, 't is mighty well for the fellow. (*Aside.*) This girl loves me. Can you blame her? (*Sailors congratulate Antony.*)

Katrina. (*Aside to Miles.*) You must escape. My father may be here at any moment. He has sworn to capture a Puritan spy that is in our midst, and you will be suspected.

Miles. (*Aside.*) But where shall I go?

Katrina. (*Aside.*) My father's body-guard has deserted. Apply for the position. If you can get it, you will be safe and also — near me.

Miles. (*Aside.*) Lovely Katrina, I obey. (*To Antony.*) Sirrah, at any time my sword is at your service. (*Bows low.*)

Antony. And my trumpet is at yours. (*Blows a contemptuous blast.*)

(*Exit Miles, with a parting signal to Katrina.*)

Hendrick. He escapes in the nick of time, for here comes the Governor.

Dame K. Ay, and William the Testy is a man who would show no mercy to such caitiffs as he.

All. William the Testy! Hurrah! Hurrah!

CHORUS.

Yonder comes our Governor.
  Wake the echoes! Shout and sing!
Never lived his like before.
  Let us make the welkin ring.
As to what the welkin is
  We are somewhat lost in doubt;
But we 'll mind our duties, viz.:
  For him now to sing and shout.
At this distance one can see
  How majestic is his walk.
There are pride and pedigree
  In each step he deigns to stalk.
One step at a time he comes,
  Ready to enforce the law.
Beat the gongs and bang the drums;
  Utter a prolonged hurrah.
    Hurrah! Hurrah!

(*The Governor enters, attended.*)

SONG. *The Governor.*

I.

Oh, a truculent, turbulent governor I,
With a terrible temper I cannot deny;
I am seeking a troublesome Puritan spy;
  I 've a bone to pick with him.
With pleasure all sorts of offenses I balk,
From suicide down to irreverent talk.
Like Nemesis after a culprit I stalk:
  I 've a bone to pick with him.

Let him escape with vigorous vim;
Let him beware of life and limb;
  I 've a highly corporeal
  Gubernatorial
Bone to pick with him.

All. Let him escape with vigorous vim, etc.

II.

The Governor. Of laws I have made a magnificent stock,
And my penalties range from a fine to the block;
Oh, if anyone dares at my justice to mock,
I 've a bone to pick with him.
Of truant small boys I 'm the awe and despair;
The dogs slink before me with awe-stricken air;
If to bark in my presence a canine should dare,
I 've a bone to pick with him.

Let all perceive and make a "mem."
How very quickly I condemn,
Or they 'll find I 've lugubrious
Most unsalubrious
Bones to pick with them.

All. Let all perceive and make a "mem.", etc.

III.

The Governor. If a peddler disturbs me at morn with his din;
If a man has a bill that he keeps bringing in;
If an infant has too much original sin,
I 've a bone to pick with him.
If a school-boy looks at me with glance that is pert;
If a swain is inclined with a damsel to flirt;
If a clerk is disposed to be surly and curt,
I 've a bone to pick to him.

Let him be stout or passing slim,
The chances are for him most dim;
I 've a highly uncomical
Most anatomical
Bone to pick with him.

All. Let him be stout or passing slim, etc.

The Governor. So, so! There 's a Puritan spy hereabouts, is there? Sneaking among us stealthily as a roaring lion, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth. Well! Well! Well! Can't ye capture him?

Dietrick. Oh, if *I* were Governor of this place, we 'd nab him in no time. With *you* for Governor, the nearest we can come to catching him is finding his baggage.

(*Two sailors bring forward a small trunk.*)

The Governor. (*Referring to Dietrick.*) Gag that man! Gag everybody who dares attack the administration. (*Seeing the trunk.*) Ha! The baggage of the spy. Now the bitter pill of my vengeance will fall and crush him. What manner of looking villain is he?

Hendrick. Very young and boyish they say; a young clerk it is thought.

The Governor. (*Opening trunk and taking out a uniform.*) A clerk, say you (*holding up a red coat*). Behold the shell of a hungry tigress. There is a British officer in our midst; a crawling snake; but, never fear, the administration will cut the claws of the serpent.

Antony. Your grandeur, he has an accomplice, a sturdy British sailor, a man of gigantic stature and superhuman strength. I bearded the ruffian. One blast of this bugle would have stretched him upon the greensward, but your daughter interfered. The thought that my beauty might be impaired was more than she could bear.

The Governor. (*To Katrina.*) So you interfered; did you? Why didn't you let Antony blast the fellow?

Katrina. Oh, pardon, father! He was so beautiful, so noble.

The Governor. Young woman, you suffer from an attack of moonlight nights, serenades and sheep's eyes. There's no cure for romance so effective as marriage. You shall take a husband.

Katrina. Whose husband? I mean *what* husband?

The Governor. Tut, tut! Don't be so curious! What difference does it make? Let me see. (*Looks at all the men who try to attract his attention.*)

Dietrick. If my first wife were here she would recommend me. (*Ogles Katrina.*)

The Governor. What! The administration's daughter marry a tailor. What would my descendants say to that? Some day this village will be a stately city and its aristocracy will point with pride to *us* as their ancestors. We must do nothing that could cause the blush of shame to choke our descendants.

Dietrick. Then let her marry my son. *He* is not a tailor.

The Governor. Young man, speak the truth, what do you do for a living?

Hendrick (*proudly*). Nothing!

(*The Governor takes Katrina's hand and puts it in a hand of Hendrick.*)

The Governor. *Now* my descendants will be proud of me.

Hendrick. But — sir — I am plighted to another.

The Governor. What! Is it thus that I nourish a rhinoceros in my bosom to have it turn and sting me?

Katrina. But, father — if he has given his troth to another —

The Governor. Trough! Young woman do you think it elegant to refer to troughs in the presence of the founders of an aristocracy?

Katrina. But I fear I cannot learn to love him.

The Governor. You can if you take lessons and practise four hours a day. Come! Leave the happy couple together. Mind, I expect plenty of billing and cooing. On second thoughts, though, better devote yourselves to cooing. There'll be billing enough after you're married.

Antony. And peradventure we should all seek for this traitorous spy.

The Governor. That you must. Find the owner of that uniform. He is here in some disguise. When we catch him, we'll burn him at the stake. And the sailor, his accomplice; catch him and we'll break him on the wheel. Ay, if I have to take a wheel off my own coach. (*Shaking his fist at Katrina and Hendrick.*) Mind, don't you forget to be affectionate, or ye shall have a honeymoon in the pillory.

REFRAIN OF THE GOVERNOR'S SONG.

Let him escape with vigorous vim,
The chances for him are very slim.
I've a highly corporeal,
Gubernatorial
Bone to pick with him.

(*All off excepting Katrina, and Hendrick. Each starts to speak to the other, then hesitates in confusion.*)

Katrina. Oh, fair sir, I cannot marry you. My heart is given.

Hendrick. My case exactly. But who is my hated rival in the affections for which I have no possible use?

Katrina. As I am plighted to you, I must have no secrets from you. I love Miles Bradford, a young Puritan. You know him?

Hendrick. Know him? He is my dearest friend.

Katrina. Lackaday! He is in great danger, and you, my betrothed, must help me to save the man I love.

(*Antony enters at back; crosses to the table in front of the inn, beckons to Barbara who enters and serves him with liquor. He sits at table.*)

Hendrick. How can I help him?

Katrina. He must have some disguise.

Antony. (*Listening aside.*) What is this? Disguise. (*Takes out a note book.*)

Hendrick. What shall it be? Ah! A woman's dress.

Katrina. The very thing. (*Antony is very attentive.*)

Hendrick. I will borrow a dress from my sweetheart, Priscilla.

Antony. (*Aside.*) A pretty scheme truly! (*Writes in his note-book.*)

Hendrick. A tasteful, little grey dress, a white kerchief, white sun bonnet, and a bunch of daisies by way of adornment.

Katrina. Happy thought! In that the young man will escape.

Antony. (*Aside.*) The spy to escape in woman's dress. The Governor shall know of this. (*He stalks off, returns, with a pompous air, drinks the liquor remaining in the glass, then exit.*)

Katrina. When the Governor learns that I have refused you —

Hendrick. And that *I* have refused *you.*

Katrina. Let's say that we have refused each other — his anger will know no bounds. If you could pretend to admire me a little —

Hendrick. Why, I 'll pretend that I love you to distraction.
Katrina. Oh, sir, this is more than I can ask.

(*He kisses her hand just as Priscilla enters. Priscilla sees them. Exit Katrina laughing. Priscilla stamps her foot angrily.*)

Hendrick. Nay, be not wroth, Priscilla. My best friend, a countryman of your own, is here in great danger. I have promised his betrothed to get him a disguise; one of your dresses. You have two, have you not?
Priscilla. True! My father is well-to-do: therefore have I two gowns. Thy friend shall have one, but I hope that he will appreciate the sacrifice.
Hendrick. That 's a dear girl. I must save Miles at any cost.
Priscilla. And I will help you to save my countryman, even if your governor arrests me. But, oh, Hendrick! thy people hate me for a Puritan. None knows aught of me and all say I am a spy.
Hendrick. Fear them not, sweet Priscilla. We will go far from this gossiping town. We will hie to the far end of this isle, and there live isolated as honest husbandmen.
Priscilla. (*Suggesting.*) And husband-women?
Hendrick. Ay, to be sure.

DUET. — *Priscilla and Hendrick.*

Upon our little farm we 'll keep
A little flock of little sheep
To blithely sing to us,
And soothe to balmy sleep.

We 'll keep amid these scenes of peace
A little flock of little geese
To warble unto us;
Until we bid them cease.

Upon our little field will browse
A little coterie of cows,
To cheer us with their song
As gayly they carouse.

While little hens both white and grey
Will please us with their little lay.
We 'll hear their lively tune
Through all the livelong day.

Hendrick. I, your Corydon, will play to you my lute.
Priscilla. I, your Chloe, dear, will listen while you toot.
Both. Happy life so pastoral, so filled with rural charm!
Let us leave this dreary town and buy our little farm.

II.

Within a cote our door above,
We 'll keep full many a snowy dove,
Whose plaintive, pensive notes
Will tell us tales of love.

We will not think it *infra dig.*
To also keep a little pig;
(Methinks I hear its voice!)
A neat one, not too big.

Of turkeys we must have a few;
They are such faithful friends and true.
Their merry gladsome notes
Are most inspiring, too.

We 'll keep a dog that tramps will mark,
Whose hoarse and highly honest bark
Will, by its welcome fierce,
Scare prowlers after dark.

Hendrick. I, your Corydon, will play to you my lute.
Priscilla. I, your Chloe, dear, will listen while you toot.
Both. Happy life so pastoral, so filled with rural charm!
Let us leave this dreary town and buy our little farm.

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Cheers heard off stage. The music of the Finale begins. The wedding guests enter. Old and young men and women, children, the burghers, the sailors, a baker with a cake. Most of the guests carry presents for the bride and groom: poultry, baskets of vegetables, etc., etc. They sing as they enter. Van Wart, Dietrick, Barbara and Dame K. enter with guests.*)

FINALE.

Chorus. Hail to the bridegroom and bride.
Love ever will be their guide.
Though she a stranger is here,
Still we will give her good cheer.
Haste one and all.
Cupid 's the call.

(*Hendrick enters leading Priscilla who curtseys bashfully.*)

Hendrick. To you, companions old and tried,
I introduce my bonny bride.

(A brewer enters with a cask which he taps. He passes liquor to the older guests. The young guests take part in a wooden-shoe dance.)

WOODEN-SHOE DANCE.

(A trumpet is heard off stage. Antony enters.)

Antony. Cease! Cease! This revel on our time encroaches.
The Governor of New Amsterdam approaches.
All. The Governor of New Amsterdam approaches.

(The Governor enters.)

The Governor. Hark ye, citizens of New Amsterdam,
The spy is nigh!
All. The spy is nigh!
The Governor. Give ye good heed,
His description I will read.

(He reads a description from Antony's note book.)

A little bonnet white as drifted snow.
All. A bonnet white.
The Governor. A dainty little kerchief folded so.
All. A kerchief light.
The Governor. A modest little gown of dovelike gray.
All. That's one, we swear. *(All point to Priscilla.)*
The Governor. A pretty little bunch of blossoms gay.
All. Behold one there.

A wolf in lamb's disguise we hold.
We're saved from dangers manifold.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Oh, what a plight for a soldier bold!

Priscilla. Though this description fits my dress I see.
All. Yes, fits you quite.
Priscilla. A British spy I 'm not and ne'er would be.
The Governor. I 'm always right.
Priscilla. I' m nothing but an artless guileless maid,
No spy, I declare,
There 's naught about me, sirs,
To make you doubt me sirs,
So why do ye stare?
All. A wolf in lamb's disguise we hold, etc., etc.

Hendrick. Priscilla a man disguised? Absurd!
To marry her I 've pledged my word.

The Governor. 'T is he. I mean 't is she,
The traitor scan.
He is the girl —
I mean she is the man.
Arrest him!

All. Arrest him! (*Priscilla arrested.*)

Priscilla. The day that dawned on promised joy
Has vanished with its bliss too soon.
Ah! none can guess from morning's sky
The weather of the afternoon.

Hendrick. But clouds like these will pass away
And azure will the sky appear.
'T will but postpone our wedding-day;
So trust to me and do not fear.

(*Miles and Katrina enter. Miles dressed as a Dutch Corporal.*)

Katrina (*to Miles*). My darling, I rejoice to know
That you are not the culprit sought.

Miles. Though this youth to a dungeon go,
My post with danger still is fraught.

The Governor. To my house let him be guided
In his feminine array;
And let raiment be provided
For the reckless youth straightway.
Let your joy be most decided,
Let your caps be tossed on high,
With a hip hurrah and a three times three,
We have caught a Yankee spy.

Chorus. We've no doubt the charge is truthful:
This is one of England's spies;
But the culprit is so youthful,
That with him we sympathize.
Oh, his fate will be most ruthful;
But we'll toss our caps on high,
With a hip hurrah and a three times three
For the hapless Yankee spy.

Lead him off to a gruesome jail,
Lock him up and refuse all bail,
Chain him with chains that will not fail;
No respect show to his rank.
Turn the key with a brazen twang,
Slam the door with a clamorous bang,

And let him moan
And groan alone,
While his fetters sharply clang,
(Clang, clang!)
While his fetters sharply clang.

(*Priscilla, seized by guards, breaks from her captors and rushes toward Hendrick. Antony interferes. Miles and Katrina take leave of each other and are separated by the Governor. The younger villagers are angry at the Governor's interruption, and try to rescue Katrina and give her to Miles. The matrons and burghers espouse the Governor's cause. The burghers dance, rejoicing at having foiled a Puritan plot. Priscilla is led away, kissing her hand to Hendrick as the curtain falls.*)

ACT II.

SCENE. *The exterior of the house of the Governor. Before the house is an old-fashioned garden in which are hollyhocks and sunflowers. A table and chairs are in the garden. A Dutch street in perspective.*

The curtain rises discovering Katrina seated before a spinning wheel.

SONG. *Katrina.*

Oh, a maiden vexed,
Very much perplexed,
I sit at my wheel to-day;
For it turns around
With a novel sound
And two names it seems to say.
Yes, its low soft whirr
Sets my heart astir,
For the two names both are dear;
Now I needs must choose
And must one refuse
And my choice is far from clear.

Yes, my wheel turns 'round
With its drowsy sound
And it gives advice profound:

"With an old, cold love
And a new true love,
Shall I tell you what to do?
Treat the old, cold love
Like a worn-out glove
Before you 're too kind to the new."

Ah! the old love's song
I have heard so long
That its tune is a worn-out theme.
Though his face is fair,
Still I 'll not declare
'T is the one that fills my dream.
I have heard him say
I am his for aye,

Which I scarcely like to hear;
For a heart that 's free
Ever seems to me
To be one that 's doubly dear.

Yes, my wheel turns 'round
With its drowsy sound
And it gives advice profound.
With an old, eold love, etc.

(*The damsels of New Amsterdam enter. Each carries a letter. They open their letters and glance at them with satisfaction and an air of mystery, as they sing, each trying to keep her letter from the others. Katrina remains at her spinning wheel. She takes a letter from her bosom, kisses it and glances at it.*)

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Katrina and Girls.

To thee, this missive, gallant lad,
To say that I am driven mad
With love, dear youth, for thee.
Oh, say thou art heart-free.
Of all the damsels of this place
You 'll find none with my face of grace,
The which is mine alone,
The which none else may own.
Oh, pardon, if I seem to rush
Upon the point without a blush;
Could paper ever change its shade
This scroll were surely rosy made.
(*Dame Kieft enters.*)

Fly swiftly, dove, to one who holds
My heart fore'er and aye.
This message take, for in its folds
Are words I dare not say.
Come then to me, thou carrier bird,
Swiftly as thou canst fly;
Tell me the word that thou hast heard
That bids me to live or die.

(*The girls give their letters to Dame Kieft. The girls push her into the house. All off to music, except Katrina.*)

Katrina. Ah! Well-a-day! Sorry was the hour when my father brought that young officer here as a prisoner of war. Every damsel in the village has written a love letter to him; I among the number, and I dare be sworn that it will be mine that he will most fervently answer.

(Priscilla appears in the doorway of the house with a number of opened letters in her hand. She is dressed as an English officer of the period. Katrina sees her; is embarrassed and affects to be busy at her wheel.)

Priscilla. (*Referring to the letters.*) These be billets that prate of love. Ods-bobs! But I must be passing fair in the garb of man folk. Nevertheless, I like not this dress, the which is brief, methinks, as woman's love. Could the elders of our meeting-house behold me now, they would cry out upon me for a very popinjay.

Katrina. (*Who has been trying to attract attention.*) Did you speak of letters? Ah, yes; those were writ by divers forward jades to tell you of their love. Alack! why can they not do as I do, and keep their love for you unspoken? (*Aside.*) What have I said?

(Miles enters from the house in the dress of a Dutch corporal, carrying a tray of dishes which he places on a table. He starts as he sees Priscilla and Katrina, neither of them seeing him. He remains up stage, arranges dishes and bottles on table, listening.)

Priscilla. Nay; I have sworn never to wed with any damsel. Thus has it been with our family; for many generations we have been woman-haters.

Miles. (*Aside.*) Katrina's proposing to the fellow!

Katrina. Bah! For a soldier you are a shy and timorous wight. But so it is with fiery warriors. You real heroes have simple hearts and childlike withal.

Priscilla. Ay, mistress; so it is with us real heroes. (*Swaggers.*)

Katrina. Our stout Dutch soldiers have a pleasing rudeness about them. With pipe in mouth and mug in hand, they will catch a maid about the waist and in a twinkling fetch her a kiss whose smack shall make the Hudson's echoes resound again. (*Miles angry.*) But *you* are a timid coward.

Priscilla. Coward? I? (*Aside.*) I promised Hendrick to keep up my character. (*Swaggering.*) Pikes and blunderbusses! I am a devil of a fellow. (*Aside.*) What would the elders say to such a word? (*To her.*) But art thou not promised to another?

Katrina. Oh, aye; to a dull-pated, honest dolt; but I hope to do much better.

Miles. (*Coming forward.*) Say you so, Mistress Katrina? Was it for this you bade me take service as your father's body-guard and henchman? Erewhiles you preferred the navy to the army. So you've changed your mind, madam malapert?

Katrina. The navy (*points to Miles*) may have been very well in its way; but give me the dash and spirit of the military. (*Indicating Priscilla who struts in military fashion.*)

TRIO. *Priscilla, Katrina and Miles.*

Katrina. Now, I have a swain in the army,
And a captain gay is he;
His scarlet coat can charm me
As he leads his infantry.
With his sword at his side a-dangling,
With his helmet bright as gold,
He sets all the girls to wrangling
For the love of my captain bold.

Priscilla. Through the battle's smoke he has led his men
On the foemen's bristling steel;
He has snatched the flag from a comrade's hand
As he saw the poor lad reel.
He has been the first at the foe's redoubt
Where he stood the flag to wave.
The captain 's the lad that I sing about;
He 's the bravest of the brave.

All. Then rattle the drums: Rat-a-plan! Rat-a-plan!
Let the fifes go piping free.
There 's no heart so brave as a soldier's heart;
And the bravest belongs to me.

Katrina. Now I have a love in the navy
And a midshipman is he.
There 's none so bold as Davy
(That 's the name of my swain at sea).
When the ship through the storm is reeling,
And the blast is dread to see,
It is never a fear he 's feeling
But the fear that he may lose me.

Miles. You may talk of battles upon the land:
You should see two war-ships meet;
There 's nothing I vow that 's half so grand
As the combat of a fleet.
Oh, he braves the storm and the battle's peal,
Does this warrior of the wave;
A sailor 's a lad that is stanch and leal:
He 's the bravest of the brave.

All. Let the winds blow high; let the winds blow low;
Let him fight the storm or meet the foe;
Though your captain on land never feels a fear,
Yet the sailor 's the braver, and that 's quite clear.

Then rattle the drums, etc.
Let the winds blow high, etc.

(*At the conclusion of the trio, Hendrick enters and goes to Priscilla, who is down stage. Katrina and Miles quarrelling in pantomime up stage.*)

Hendrick (*embracing Priscilla*). My darling little Priscilla, you have carried out our plan exactly. You are an angel.

(*Katrina and Miles turn and look at them in astonishment. Priscilla first tries to stop Hendrick, then pretends to get angry.*)

Priscilla. (*Storming at Hendrick.*) Your Priscilla? Bombs and cannon! What 's the varlet mean? Hands off, or I 'll cut you to pieces. (*Aside.*) Be careful! Pretend to be in love with Katrina. (*Sheathing her sword.*) For a less insult have I made a dozen bite the dust.

Katrina. My sanguinary hero. (*Looks up at Priscilla affectionately.*)

Miles. (*Furiously looking at Priscilla.*) I 'll not endure this! I 'll have to challenge that little redcoat.

Hendrick (*kneeling beside Katrina urged by Priscilla*). Pardon me, beauteous Katrina, but my head is turned, my mind a wreck all because of a wild hopeless love for you.

(*Seizes Katrina's hand and kisses it passionately; Priscilla is jealous that he goes so far in carrying out her suggestion.*)

Miles (*angry and jealous*). Here 's another I 'll have to challenge. (*Crosses to Hendrick.*) Sir, we must fight.

Hendrick. Fight? What for?

Miles. You pretend to be my friend, yet meseemeth you make a very fair article of love to the girl I adore.

Hendrick. But this is all a pretense. I 'm in love with *her*. (*Points to Priscilla.*)

Miles and Katrina. In love with the captain?

Priscilla. Forsooth, as the old saw hath it: "Give me a man to spoil a plan." Now we must confide in them. Truth to say, I am not a soldier.

Miles and Katrina. Not a soldier?

Priscilla. No. I am Hendrick's bride. He told me Miles had saved his life. Let the Governor take me for a spy until Miles is safely out of New Amsterdam; then I can change these smallclothes (which do vex my modest Puritan mind) and be married to my Hendrick.

QUARTETTE.

Katrina, Priscilla, Hendrick and Miles.

Hasten, time, when naught shall divide us;
Happy time, oh, swift be thy flight!
Now the bonds of love are denied us;
Soon may a kindly fate unite.

Parting makes thee dearer and nearer,
  Yet leaves me sad and lonely;
Clouds will vanish, sunshine be clearer;
  My darling, I love thee only.

When I am far from thee,
What is the world to me?
A wilderness, a desert drear,
A forest where no sunbeams peer;
So is this dreary world to me
When I am far from thee.

The Governor enters from the house. He wears a gaudy dressing-gown and a nightcap of red flannel. As he enters Miles seizes a blunderbuss and presents arms deferentially.

The Governor. Corporal Dunderkopff, the morning paper.

Miles. Here it is, your worship. (*He produces a piece of parchment and fastens it to the house. Miles prepares breakfast.*)

The Governor. (*Looking at the parchment.*) Ah! That is an institution of which I am proud; the New Amsterdam "Morning Chronicle," circulation one copy. Antony, my trumpeter, writes it; and subscribers come here in droves every morning to read it. (*Reads.*) What 's this? "A new political party organized by Burgomaster Schemerhorn; its motto: 'Turn the rascals out!'" Never! We propose to stay in. And yet *you*, young Schemerhorn, dare to set foot upon my honest roof?

Hendrick. I 'll give you an idea. Marry your daughter to me; unite the two parties and we 'll keep all the offices in the family.

The Governor. What! Divide the offices of this great nation among the administration's relatives? My blue-blooded descendants would be suffused with azure blushes. Moreover, I have now other plans for my daughter. She 's to marry the captain here. (*Refers to Priscilla.*) He 's an officer of high rank, and this marriage may put a stop to the war with the Puritans. Marry my child to you? No; for I believe it is you who are sending information to our enemies.

Hendrick. Grammercy! You accuse me of being a traitor? What an insult! My father has the entire town council with him, and we will compel you to abjectly apologize. (*Exit.*)

The Governor. (*Recovering from the shock of Hendrick's attack.*) A nice position I 'm placed in by the force bill of the opposition. (*To Miles.*) Corporal Dunderkopff, my breakfast.

Miles. (*Threatening aside.*) Oh, I 'd like to — All ready, your serene toploftiness. (*Arranges breakfast.*)

The Governor. But I forgot. Katrina, give that gory, beetle-browed young ruffian some schnapps to drink.

Miles. Ay! they say these desperadoes are perfect fiends at the bottle.

Katrina. (*Giving Priscilla a glass.*) Here it is, desperado.

Miles. Here you are, my beetle-browed ruffian. (*Offers a bottle to Priscilla.*)

(*Priscilla watches the Governor, hastily changes the glass for one on the table containing water, drinks the water, leaves the glass of schnapps on the table.*)

Priscilla. I take it to be exceeding perilous, my Lord Governor, this fighting with proclamations.

The Governor. If a man does not heed one of my proclamations, he had better face the cannon's blade or the mouth of the two-edged sword.

Katrina. Father issued a proclamation yesterday forbidding all smoking.

Miles. Ah! And what was the result?

The Governor. The result? Gadzooks! What could be the result of a proclamation by the administration? Nothing was heard for hours b u the breaking of pipes, while bonfires of tobacco have been blazing in the streets. What! Do you suppose there is a man in New Amsterdam who would dare disobey a proclamation of mine? (*To Priscilla.*) But your glass is empty. Katrina, take the red-handed miscreant into the house and give him all the schnapps he wants.

Katrina. Come, gallant miscreant.

Priscilla. I follow you, but — (*aside*) no more schnapps, as thou dost love me.

Katrina. *If* I love you. (*Off with Priscilla.*)

Miles. (*Aside.*) Treacherous coquette!

The Governor. What 's that? Is it the smell of tobacco that permeates my gubernatorial olifactories?

Miles. Tobacco? I think very likely, for here come the burgomasters.

The Governor. Not — not smoking?

Miles. Ay, like so many chimneys.

The Governor. By the pipe of St. Nicholas! They dare defy the lion in his web. Why, my descendants will simply squirm at this. (*Miles puts the tray in the governor's hands.*) I 'll be revenged if it takes — Oh, tell them I 'm not at home. (*Notices that he has the tray, hands it back to Miles angrily; enters house.*)

Miles. So this is the way the people obey the Governor's proclamations!

(*Exit.*)

(*The burghers enter in stately procession. Each is smoking a huge pipe. They are led by Dietrick.*)

CHORUS OF BURGHERS.

Let nations rise and nations fall
Upon this whirling earthly ball;
Let dynasties die one and all;
We 're willing quite to let 'em.

Let foulest blasts of fortune blow;
Let clouds of care bring showers of woe;
Let griefs come fast and slowly go;
We 'll manage to forget 'em.

Dietrick. For we 've a charm that chases cares,
Though clouds are thick and black, O.
And when perplexed with world's affairs
We 've solace in tobacco.
Puff with calm deliberation;
Puff with mild exhilaration;
No such aid to meditation
As our puff, puff, puff.

All. Shine on, ye stars, yea ev'ry one;
Roll on, thou moon, as thou hast done;
Stand still, thou glaring, staring sun;
We have no hints to mention.
Let flippant worldings laugh or cry;
And woo or win, and smile or sigh;
Yea, let them live and let them die;
We give them no attention.
Puff with calm deliberation, etc., etc.

(*Antony enters with his trumpet. Hendrick with him.*)

ENSEMBLE.

Dietrick. We 've come to see the Governor proud;
Van Corlear, sound your bugle loud
That he may come in royal state
To join us in a sage debate.

Antony. (*Sounding his trumpet.*)
Oh, Governor of New Amsterdam, attention;
Our worthy burghers have some things to mention.
Tan-ta-ra! Tan-ta-ra!
Him to your presence I will bring;
He 'll surely come when he hears me sing.

SONG. *Antony.*

I.

An overworked trumpeter truly am I.
I am used on all sorts of occasions.
My good bugle blares
For all kinds of affairs,
From the losing of kine to invasions.
It is Antony here; it is Antony there;

I am summoned by saint and by sinner.
All the troops of the land,
With a blast I command,
Or I call burgomasters to dinner.

All. Trumpeter, sound an alarm,
Ay, or sound the retreat.
Trumpeter, nerve ev'ry arm
With thy fanfares so sweet.
Trumpeter, surely thy music can charm,
Excepting, perhaps, when it sounds an alarm.

II.

Antony. If children are lost, or if dogs go astray,
Unto me is made prompt application.
Announcing the twenty-four hours of the day
Is a portion of my occupation.
It is Antony here; it is Antony there;
I am summoned by prince and by peasant;
And of me they make use to retail all the news,
For we 've no morning papers at present.

All. Trumpeter, sound an alarm, etc., etc. (*Exit Antony.*)

(*The Governor enters from the house. He glares at the burghers savagely. They all smoke and return his angry look. Miles enters.*)

The Governor. You miserable reprobates! You venomous reptiles! You infamous, miserable —

Dietrick. Hold! That will do. Your language will be getting personal in a minute.

The Governor. How dare you, crawling serpents, prance into my presence with those pipes in your mouth? Speak, rascals! What does this mean?

Hendrick. It means defiance.

All. Yes, it means defiance. (*Puffing at their pipes.*)

Dietrick. So you would make us give up our pipes, eh? Well, not while we have breath enough to draw smoke. Stop our tobacco, would you? Well, when we give up smoking our pipes, you write and let us know, will you?

All. Bravo!

Miles. Bravo! (*Smokes. The Governor turns around. Miles hides his pipe.*)

The Governor. So you have decided to defy the law and smoke, have you?

Hendrick. Ay, that we have! (*Miles smokes unseen by the Governor.*)

Dietrick. Smoke we do, and smoke we will.

All. Ay, ay. Smoke we will.

The Governor. What ho! Antony! (*Trumpet sounds. Antony enters, strikes an attitude, starts to blow his trumpet.*) Never mind that now.

Antony. What is your gubernatorial will?

The Governor. Write a proclamation. (*Antony writes.*) "Every full-grown man in New Amsterdam able to carry a pipe shall smoke the same at least twelve hours a day, under penalty of whipping out of the town." Nail it up. (*Antony pins the parchment to the house.*) I 'm going to be obeyed in this town if I have to change the laws every hour. (*The burghers regard the proclamation with great satisfaction.*)

Dietrick. But you are breaking your own law.

The Governor (*angrily*). Egad! they 're my laws and I can break them if I like. When they 're all broken, I 'll make some more.

Dietrick. But you 're not smoking.

The Governor. Private Dunderkopff, the administration wants the biggest pipe you can get. I 've never learned, but I 'll take lessons. (*Miles produces an enormous pipe.*) My tinder box, and my flint and steel! Oh, if my descendants could see me now!

(*Each produces a tinder box with flint and steel. As they sing the following number they strike the flint and steel.*)

THE SONG OF FLINT AND STEEL.

I.

The Governor. Come now, ye faithful flint and steel,
Thou tinder box, as well, as well;
Your latent fire do not conceal
But scatter sparks pell mell, pell mell.
Ay, faithful servants, be not slow
To make of flame a goodly show.
Our pipes we fain would set aglow,
So light them by your spell.

The Governor and Dietrick.
Strike the steel on the flint just so;
Soon the tinder will flare and glow.
Rapping, rapping, rapping, though it takes all day,
The fire we will strike if we work away.

All. Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink,
Let flint on steel be smiting,
Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink,
And soon we 'll have our smoke.
Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink, clink.
Our pipes we must be lighting.
The flint and steel
Will soon reveal
The sparks which we invoke.

II.

The Governor. It may be in some distant time
(We shall not see the the day, the day),
A rare young genius sublime
Will find some other way, some way
To woo the spark the fire to light
When trusty pipes men would ignite;
But now the steel and flint we smite
As gayly as we may.

The Governor and Dietrick.
Strike the steel on the flint just so, etc.

All. Clink, clink, clink, clink, etc.

The Governor. Now that the ladies have arrived, let the meeting go into secret session. It 's a little early in history for the display of woman's rights, but we're bound to come to it. (*To Miles.*) Corporal Dunderkopff, a bowl of punch for this bevy of beauty. (*Exit Miles. The women at right curtsey. Those at left assume an offended air.*)

Dietrick. Ods-pitikins! Half the population is dissatisfied with your government. These ladies object to paying fifty per cent on imported baby clothes.

The Governor. Well, we must protect our infant industries.

Antony. But, my Lord Governor, whilst *I* am of your party, it would be impossible for *all* the ladies to desert us. These, the fairest in New Amsterdam, are still in favor of protection. (*Women at right curtsey.*)

The Governor. And they shall have it. *I* will protect them — bless 'em. (*With his arms around two girls.*) The women of our first families in Congress. Great St. Nicholas! What will our descendants say to that?

(*Miles brings in a huge bowl of steaming punch and places it on the table at right. Dietrick signs to two of the burghers near him, who go off left. All those on the right gather around the table whereon is the bowl of punch. Those on the left look at the others enviously. Miles fills several mugs and passes them to the Governor and his adherents.*)

Dame K. And why, I should like to know, why are you discontented with the government of our family?

Dietrick. Why, madam?

Hendrick. Because our neighbors are invading us on account of your wasteful, miserly, hot-headed, slow-going —

Women at R. Shame! Shame! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What an accusation, etc., etc. (*All talking at once in confusion.*)

Women at L. (*All rising and talking at once.*) Well, you can't deny it. You know that every word we say is true to the letter. (*The Governor bewildered. Antony blows his trumpet and the women grow quiet.*)

(*The two burghers return, entering left with a bowl of punch larger than that brought in by Miles. The bowl is placed on a bench at left. Dietrick presides over the bowl, helps to it, and those at left mock at the Governor and his party.*)

Dame K. The Yankees know the weakness of our army. There must be a spy among us giving information to the enemy.

The Governor. (*To Dietrick.*) Yes, and the spy is the son of the opposition who was seen so much with the general, my prisoner. (*Commotion among those at left.*)

Dietrick. My son a spy?

Hendrick. I a spy? It 's more likely to be one of your own family.

Women at right. Scandalous! What an infamous charge!

All at left. Yes, look at home for your spy! This is an outrage!

(*The women all talk at once, gesticulating with vigor. Antony blows his trumpet, and all become quiet and return to their places.*)

The Governor. (*As soon as quiet is restored.*) Ladies, remember, this is the Senate and not the House of Representatives. Antony Van Corlear!

Antony. Your worship.

The Governor. Write a go d strong proclamation and call upon this spy to come and give himself up.

Antony. Impossible. You have made so many proclamations of late that there is no more parchment in New Amsterdam.

The Governor. No more parchment. (*Sees parchment sticking from Antony's pocket.*) Why, what is that, then?

Antony. Pardon me. These documents are sacred. They are two songs that I have composed. One is in praise of love; the other in praise of tobacco.

The Governor. Very well. Give them to us. We 'll commit these songs to memory. After we have learned them, you can write my proclamations on the other side of the parchment.

Antony. And which will you have first?

The Governor. We 'll save time by singing them both together.

Antony. But, your worship, what incongruity! One is in praise of love; the other in praise of tobacco.

The Governor. No matter. Time presses. The administration says we will sing them both together.

CONCERTED PIECE.

First Group.

Sing what ye will;
Praise what ye will;
I sing of love divine.
In Bacchus' praise
I tune no lays;
To others leave good wine.
Drink an ye will,
Quaff to your fill;
I envy not your lot,
For I adore
A sweetheart more.
Alack for who doth not!
Say I,
Alack for who doth not!

Sing what ye will;
Praise what ye will;
All nature sings of love.
The flowers so fair,
The songsters rare,
Whose music fills the grove.
Jeer an ye will,
That I love her still;
Pour forth your stoups of wine;
To nature's throng,
I 'll add my song
In praise of love divine.

Second Group.

I have a pipe, ay, the dingiest of pipes,
A pipe that I love enough.
When I calmly smoke away,
At this comforter of clay,
My cares to the winds I puff.
Talk not of maids of whatever age or clime,
I 'll none of the chattering pack, O.
Perhaps I greatly err,
But I very much prefer
A pipe of good tobacco.

Bless thee, my pipe, though an old and dingy pipe,
Thou, of friends, art best of all.
Faithful ever wilt thou be;
There 's no treachery in thee,
Whether fortunes rise or fall.
If I rove from home unto India or Rome,
Unto Moscow or Monaco,
Thou art ever close at hand,
Where thy boon I can command
My pipe of good tobacco.

The Governor. Come, my friends! All who are in favor of civil service reform, of men not principles, are invited to a high tariff luncheon with the administration.

Dietrick. (*Rising.*) Let them go to their offensive partisan luncheon. Fellow citizens, I invite you all to an independent barbecue with free trade schnapps for the crowd. Follow me.

The Governor. Follow me!

All. We accept with pleasure.

(*Exeunt excepting Hendrick.*)

Hendrick. So Miles is sending information to the Puritans, is he? And the Governor suspects me because I have been seen with my poor little Priscilla. Shall I tell the truth and throw Miles into their hands? No, Priscilla and I will save that best of friends, whatever the sacrifice. And yet I can scarcely endure this separation from her whom I love.

SONG. *Hendrick.*

Only in dreams, in dreams, love, I behold thee.
When stars o'er me their vigils keep above.
My absent one, could I once more enfold thee
And tell thee of this true heart's deathless love!

Alas! full well I know it cannot be;
Though the dear face I love is mine to see
When nightingales are singing 'neath moonlight beams —
Only in dreams, only in dreams.

When all is still, I hear thy soft voice calling
Like summer zephyrs stirring in the leaves;
A gentle glance from eyes I love is falling;
The vision fades, alas! my sad heart grieves.
Dear distant love, for thee alone I bide
Till drifting days shall bring thee to my side.
Mine, as of old, thy heart my own once more seems
Only in dreams, only dreams.

(*Exit Hendrick. Antony enters hurriedly. He carries his trumpet and a document with a large red seal.*)

Antony. I must see the Governor at once. What, ho! my Lord Governor! He does not hear me. Ah! this will fetch him. (*Sounds a loud blast on his trumpet. The Governor enters.*) Look at this. I found it fastened to your back gate. The Puritans have declared "War to the knife," and are marching down upon us.

The Governor (*seizing the document*). They know the exact strength of our army, seven privates and one hundred and thirty-three officers. The cry must be "To arms." Sound the trumpet, good Antony, and call the population. (*Antony sounds a blast. All enter.*)

The Governor. Behold the declaration of war from the Puritans. Fellow citizens, we must unite without regard to party feeling, and the cry must be "To arms!"

All. Yes, to arms!

FINALE.

War to the knife! We 'll not endure this taunt.
These Yankee knaves want war. They shall have all they want.
To arms, O gallant warlike band!
We 'll drive the foemen from our land.

Miles. Let each ploughshare and each spade
Into pikes and swords be made;
Ye who saucepans have to spare
May the same as helmets wear.
Ev'ry rusty blunderbuss
Now can be of use to us;
Organize a gallant band,
Drive the foemen from our land.

All. Beat the drums with vig'rous bang,
Let the arms on armor clang.

We 'll revel in war like a boy in jam,
And we 'll drive the foe from New Amsterdam.

Katrina. Fame shall for ye a wreath of laurel weave
That may for death atone.
Alas for us who stay at home and grieve
And wait for you alone.

QUARTETTE.

Thine is the glory, soldier brave;
Thy sweetheart's is the pain.
For thee the flags that proudly wave,
The bugle's clear refrain;
Thine is the hope of grand renown
That all the pulses stirs;
Though death brings thee a laurel crown,
A cypress wreath is hers.

All. Beat the drums with vig'rous bang, etc.

The Governor. But who has given the foemen information
About us and our army's situation?
There is a spy among us that is clear.
Who can it be?

Antony. I think the spy is here. (*Points to Hendrick.*)

All. Hendrick a spy? Oh, no!

The Governor. Tell us why think you so.

Antony. If Hendrick is n't the spy we seek,
His conduct is suspicious.
I have n't a bit of revenge to wreak,
Nor is my mind malicious.
There 's evidence circumstantial quite;
If I am wrong, he will set me right;
But I should very much like to know
Why Hendrick ever was wont to go
With that warrior wight
By day or night,
In fair or cloudy weather.
Put this and that and that and this,
Put this and that together.

All. Put this and that together, etc.

Dietrick. My son a spy? This cannot be,
It cannot be him — I mean it cannot be he.

The Governor. I 'm glad that you correct your grammar.
Seize on yon traitor, Amsterdammer.

(*Hendrick is seized. Miles starts to reveal himself.*)

Hendrick. (*To Miles.*) Hush! Your secret I will keep,
Till safely you escape.
Miles. Hold! Hold! I say this shall not be.
He is no traitor. I —
Hendrick. Stop!
Miles. I am he. (*To Hendrick.*)
No! I shall not stand by and see
You sacrifice yourself for me.
Katrina. He whom I love must not a captive be.
My love, alas! I cannot set you free.
All. All hope for him is lost.
To jail with him away.

(*Priscilla and Hendrick express to each other their willingness to give themselves up to save Miles; he will not permit them to do so. Katrina begs her father to pardon Miles. The Governor places Miles at left with Dietrick and Antony as guardsmen. Dietrick puts handcuffs on the wrists of Miles. Antony mounts guard with a blunderbuss.*)

The Governor. A warrior we must have to lead our frays,
A soldier who knows all the Yankees' ways.
Who shall it be? Ha, ha! The very man! (*Referring to Priscilla.*)
Priscilla. I lead your army? Oh, I never can.
Hendrick (*aside*). Consent.
Priscilla. Ah, well, if you insist I must.
We 'll crush the Puritans into dust.
All. Now for deadly daring strife.
Our challenge says: "War to the knife."
Beat the drums with vig'rous bang, etc., etc.

(*The Dutchmen form a procession, armed with various weapons. Priscilla leads them. The women bid them farewell.*)

All. To fame and glory let us onward go,
Lion-hearted Dutchmen, slay the traitor foe.
Away the trumpet calls,
To glory you must go.

(*Since Dietrick has been on guard over Miles, he has been growing sleepy, finally he falls asleep. Katrina engages the attention of Antony. Priscilla takes the keys from Dietrick's pockets and unlocks Miles's handcuffs. Miles bids farewell to Katrina and runs off, reappearing at the back of the stage as the curtain falls. The women and girls cheer the warlike Dutchmen, who march away with great pomp. Just as the curtain is about to fall, Antony sees Miles up stage, runs up and fires his blunderbuss at Miles, as the latter runs off. Picture and curtain.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE. *The encampment of the army of New Amsterdam, situated on a bluff on the banks of the Hudson. At right is the Governor's tent, also another tent before which is a post bearing on its top an old Dutch clock. On one tent is a sign "Capt. Jan Van Pelt, Clock Maker." In front of a tent at left is a sign "Capt. Schemerhorn, Tailor." Before other tents are signs "Col. Van Wart, Cobbler," "Lieut. Peter Suydam, Carpenter," "Sergt. Rip Van Brunt, Tinker." A table and camp chairs before the tent at left. A camp fire. Dietrick is asleep on a bench in front of the tent at left. The army of New Amsterdam discovered asleep. The maids and matrons of New Amsterdam are grouped around the sleeping soldiers, fanning them gently; Katrina and Dame Kieft with them. Antony asleep at centre. Katrina near him. She is dressed as a vivandière).*

LULLABY.

Katrina, Priscilla and Chorus.

Sleep, ye pretty, winsome creatures;
  Angels bring ye sweet repose;
Yes, compose your shapely features
  For a brief post-prandial doze.
While ye here lie steeped in slumber
  May ye dream that ye are brave,
Dream of battles without number,
  Dream about a soldier's grave.

Slumber on, courageous dears,
  With the greensward for a pillow,
While a dream of carnage cheers.
  Willow waly! Waly willow!

(*Katrina and Priscilla go off. Drums and trumpets are heard off the stage. Dietrick and the soldiers all awaken. Two cadets pass liquor. The soldiers group up stage, drink, play cards, and throw dice.*)

Dietrick. Now, my bold warriors, each to his trade. To be sure, we are all longing for soldiers' graves; but — business is business. I have ten pair of trousers to send home to Mynheer Ten Broeck.

(*The soldiers begin work at their several trades. Some are shoe-makers, some carpenters, basket-makers, toy-makers, tinkers, one as a clock maker. Dietrick sews on a pair of trousers. Antony mends an old violin. As soon as all are occupied, the Governor enters from his tent.*)

The Governor. Behold my sanguinary warriors thirsting for the foemen's blood. When I view this warlike band, I feel as if I had a heart of steel in my good right arm. (*To Dietrick.*) You 're a savage looking hero, sewing on a pair of overalls when your country calls you. Is it thus you hope to triumph over all? (*A cuckoo clock strikes.*)

Dietrick. Gadzooks! Why should n't we keep busy? Is the enemy likely to attack us to-day?

Antony. (*Looking off with telescope.*) No.

The Governor. Are *we* likely to attack the enemy?

All. (*Shouting together.*) No!

Dietrick. We can't disappoint customers, war or no war. Besides, we make no progress against the enemy. They have been chasing us all over the country.

The Governor. I' fackins, 't is true. Up to the present time we have shown the Puritans the original Flying Dutchman. Stop! I 'll call the young officer whom we have compelled to lead us, and make him give us some points. He 's a veteran, you know. (*Calls into tent.*) General! Field Marshal!

(*Priscilla enters bashfully. She wears the uniform which she wore in the second act. She has her hands behind her, concealing something which she holds. Hendrick in uniform enters at the same time.*)

Priscilla. Here I am, Governor.

Hendrick. The darling! (*Throws a kiss to Priscilla.*)

Dietrick. Come, sirrah! You are a war-battered son of Mars; give us a few moves in your gory little game, will you?

The Governor. What 's the General hiding there? (*Makes Priscilla show her hands. She is doing embroidery work.*)

Priscilla. I 'm making a pair of slippers, so please thee, Governor.

Hendrick (*aside*). For me, I 'll warrant. (*Makes signs to Priscilla.*)

Dietrick. Making slippers! Fine business for a veteran.

The Governor. Look ye, my hero of a hundred flights (*spreads a map on a drumhead*), we want to invade the Puritans' country. Will you please point out a nice shady road with plenty of way stations for refreshments, so we can make the journey comfortably?

Priscilla (*looking at the map*). Ods-bodikins! What a strange embroidery pattern is this!

All. Embroidery?

Hendrick (*aside*). Be more military, Priscilla. That is a map.

Priscilla (*with a mannish manner*). Oh, a map, of course, a map of the world.

The Governor. A map of Connecticut, General. Here is the Yankee fort at New Haven, where goodly stores of sweet cider and pumpkin pies await the conquerors.

Priscilla. Lo and behold! There is my father's house. I recognize it, and there 's our pig-sty. I can see it now. There are ten of the cutest little pigs.

Hendrick (*aside*). Priscilla! Have a care!

Priscilla. Ahem. 'Tention! So that 's the Yankee fort, eh? And you want me to tell you how to take it? Why, you lack the first requisite to success. You have no military band.

All. A band?

The Governor. True, if we get the right sort of band, the enemy will fly shrieking before us.

Priscilla (*aside to Hendrick*). I weary of these (*referring to her clothes*). Get me out of them, I pray thee.

Hendrick (*aside*). Go, dearest. I promise that you shall be free from them this very day. (*Exit Priscilla and Hendrick.*)

The Governor. Now I suppose I ought to address my soldiers before leading them to the fray. It 's the customary thing. (*The soldiers have fallen asleep.*) Warriors of New Amsterdam! (*All snore.*) What was that? The rumble of distant artillery? Comrades, duty calls us, and what does every Dutchman answer? (*All snore.*) Come, let us away to — (*He sees that they are asleep.*) Well, they shall not get ahead of me. The administration will take a little siesta himself. (*Enters his tent. Dietrick awakens, and arouses the others.*)

DUTCH WAR SONG.

Dietrick, Antony, and Chorus.

Twelve hours a day are quite enough
For warriors to sleep and snore,
When they are made of valorous stuff
And yearn to shed the foemen's gore.
Thus far we have reposed in camp
As calm and peaceful as a clam,
We 've seen no foes but cold and damp,
We warriors of New Amsterdam.

All. Dam — Dam —
Such warriors of New Amsterdam.

When quantities of schnapps I drink,
I feel of Mars a very scion,
When fairly drunk I have, I think,
The courage of a hungry lion;
But when again I sober grow,
I 'm gentle as a new born lamb;
That 's so with all of us you know,
You warriors of New Amsterdam.

All. Dam — Dam —
Such warriors of New Amsterdam.

(*All march off. Katrina enters.*)

Katrina. There they go — our nation's defenders. Alas! we poor women can only stay at home and tremble for their fate. Oh, if only I were a soldier!

SONG. *Katrina.*

I.

Do you sigh for love or glory,
Would you live in song and story?
  Wit ye well in valor's art,
  Lovely woman plays her part.
When the trumpet's call resounding
Sets the fiery heart to bounding,
  With a courage naught can quell
  She is there to say farewell,
When the drums are rolling loudly,
And the flags are waving proudly,
  With her courage mounting high,
  She doth bid you go and die.

Let the soldier be never so true,
Let us give his fair sweetheart her due;
  He is braver, by far,
  When his own guiding star
Is the light of her eyes bright and blue.

II.

When amid the roar and rattle
Of a skirmish or a battle,
  Whatsoe'er the danger near
  He can pause her voice to hear.
When the day's dread work is over,
By the camp fire sits the rover,
  In the smoke that wreaths above,
  He can see his distant love.
Mind, all this is theorizing,
But I think 't would be surprising,
  If the things I sing to you
  Are not absolutely true.

Let the soldier be never so true, etc.

(*Exit Katrina. Dietrick and the soldiers enter.*)

Dietrick. My Lord Governor!

(*The Governor enters.*)

The Governor. By the Pipe of St. Nicholas! I have n't had a nap since this morning. Well, what is it?

Dietrick. The enemy is in sight.

The Governor. Let us on to victory!

Dietrick. Or death.

The Governor. Excuse me; but I prefer on-ing to victory. You may on to death if you choose. Shall a wretched Puritan host prevail against the active legs of Dutchmen? (*Takes a flask from Dietrick and drinks.*)

All. Never! Never! (*They circulate the flask.*)

The Governor. (*Drinking.*) We are eager for carnage and filled with the patriotic spirit.

All. We are.

The Governor. (*With Tipsy bravado.*) Like the war-horse we scent the battle afar off, and are willing it should stay there. Show me the Puritans! Let me meet them face to face. I alone could easily fall a prey to a dozen of them. Where are they?

All. Lead us, mighty Governor! Lead us! (*They hoist him to their shoulders.*) Huzzah! Huzzah! (*A roll of drums and fanfare of trumpets. The Governor trembles at the sound. The others tremble and let him down suddenly. They all make a rush for the flask. Dietrick gets it and drinks.*)

The Governor. Colonel Schemerhorn, pass that martial enthusiasm to your commanding officer. (*Dietrick gives the flask to the Governor who drinks. Katrina rushes on.*)

Katrina. Father! Oh, where is he? Father, the greatest peril threatens. The Puritans are coming in full force.

The Governor. Let them come. We 're in full force too.

Katrina. They vow to slaughter every Dutchman found with arms upon him. (*The Governor looks at her a moment, then throws down his sword and pistols. Dietrick and the others carefully put away their weapons. The cuckoo clock strikes.*) And, as for you, father, they swear to have your life. (*The Governor trembles violently); then faints in the arms of Dietrick and the others who bring an arm-chair and put him in it.*)

Dietrick. Rouse yourself, Governor. You must perish leading a forlorn hope. That 's something your descendants would like.

The Governor. Then they can do it themselves.

Katrina. Father, you are ill.

The Governor. Very, — very ill.

(*Katrina gets his dressing-gown, slippers, and night-cap from tent. He exchanges his coat for the dressing-gown and his cocked hat for the night-cap. Soldiers pull off his boots and put on his slippers. He sits in an arm-chair. Katrina throws a shawl around him and stands beside him. One*

of the burgomasters gets several medicine bottles and puts them on table beside the Governor. Dietrick feels his pulse. Antony enters. Roll of drums.)

Antony. My Lord Governor, I take pleasure in tendering my resignation.

The Governor. What! My bugler deserts me at this time when he should play a trump.

Antony. Yes; but the Puritans are advancing dealing destruction on every hand. Even my trusty bugle is powerless to check them. (*Looks off.*) But what is this? A delegation with a flag of truce.

The Governor. A flag of truce! (*Rises with returning courage.*) Tell the delegates that the war governor of New Amsterdam deigns to receive them. (*Sinks back in his chair. Dietrick feels his pulse and gives him medicine. Katrina gives him his belt with his sword and pistols, which he puts on over his dressing-gown; he puts on his military cap. Enter Miles bearing as a flag of truce a white apron on a broom. He marches between two rows of cadets. The soldiers follow. The women enter; with them Barbara and Dame K. All are on excepting Priscilla.*)

Dietrick. (*Recognizing Miles.*) The prisoner who escaped from us.

Katrina. Miles!

The Governor. Private Dunderkopff.

All. Down with him! (*Katrina shields Miles.*)

Miles. Back! Respect the flag of truce. I have come to discuss the international situation.

The Governor. Good! We will leave the matter to two delegates of each side.

Miles. What other Puritan? (*Priscilla enters.*)

The Governor. (*Referring to Priscilla.*) The general here.

Hendrick. And what two Dutchmen?

The Governor. You for one, and — my daughter. The ladies should have a voice in the matter.

Miles. And what terms do you propose?

The Governor. First you must recognize the supremacy of our flag. (*Two cadets enter with a Dutch flag. Antony blows his trumpet. All salute.*)

Miles. And what pledge do we owe to that flag? We Puritans shall have our own standard. In a vision methinks I see a banner under which all our colonies shall be united; whose stars and stripes shall lead ever to victory. 'T is to that flag of the future I give my allegiance.

SONG OF THE FLAG.

Miles and Chorus.

Miles. Here 's a song for the flag that shall give us
The freedom we worship and prize;
'T is an emblem to us sent from Heaven,
With stars and with hues of the skies.

Its blue and its white are adorning
The skies when the days are most bright;
Its red in the blush of the morning;
Its stars are the lamps of the night.

That flag shall lead to glory
Our soldiers true and brave,
Shall wave above the land we love;
Ay, shall forever wave.
Shall tell a hero's story
And give us liberty;
Yes, it shall wave forever
The banner of the free.

All. The flag shall lead to glory, etc., etc.

Miles. Oh, a nation whose king has arrayed it,
In pomp, with that monarch may fall;
But our land is what we have made it;
The nation belongs to us all.
Our flag! Oh, may glory attend it
In battle. Its triumphs ne'er cease;
In war may we always defend it,
And love it forever in peace.

That flag shall lead to glory, etc.

All. That flag shall lead to glory, etc., etc.

(*All off excepting Miles, Hendrick, Priscilla, and Katrina. The cuckoo clock strikes.*)

Miles. At last, my darling Katrina, I can see you again. (*Starts to embrace her.*)

Hendrick. Priscilla, my little Puritan angel.

Priscilla. Stop, sir; thou art the enemy of all Puritans.

Katrina (*to Miles*). And you, sir, are the sworn foe of my nation. Come, Hendrick, you are my colleague.

Priscilla. And thou, Miles Bradford, art mine.

(*Priscilla and Miles go to the table near the tent at right. Hendrick and Katrina are at left. Both parties pretend to confer, but Priscilla shows jealousy of Katrina, who is with Hendrick, and Katrina shows jealousy of Priscilla, who is with Miles.*)

Miles (*to Hendrick*). Have you a map of the territory under dispute?

Hendrick. We have. (*Pays ostentatious attentions to Katrina.*)

Priscilla (*to Miles*). Come, what is thy proposition?

Miles (*forgetting himself*). Immediate marriage.

Katrina. Perfidious villain!

Miles. Hendrick, in behalf of the Dutch nation, are you willing to give up the disputed territory?

Hendrick and Katrina. No! Impossible!

Miles and Priscilla. Then the war must go on.

Hendrick. Let all enter. Our conference is ended.

(*All enter excepting Antony.*)

The Governor. Well, what is the verdict? Don't tell me we are not to fight. No. The Knickerbocker pants for the massacre.

Priscilla. And thou shalt have it. The war must continue. Let the army of New Amsterdam begin the attack when yonder cuckoo clock strikes three.

(*Points to the clockmaker's sign on the end of the pole in front of tent at L. The clock's hands indicate a few minutes before three.*

The Governor. (*To Priscilla, giving her a large sword which she can scarcely lift.*) And you, General, shall lead us.

Priscilla. I?

The Governor. The signal to fight shall be given by yonder old cuckoo clock.

SONG. *Priscilla.*

"THE SONG OF THE CUCKOO CLOCK."

I.

The good old dame is knitting away,
  The goodman toils in the harvest field,
Alas for the world it is work-a-day,
  And the toil of all must their living yield.
So the lads must reap or winnow or plow,
  Or with sturdy arm they must wield the flail,
While there 's work for the lasses, too, I trow,
  With the spinning wheel or the milking pail.

While ever and aye through the livelong day,
  Be it sunshine bright or shower,
From the old Dutch clock on the mantel shelf
  The cuckoo tells the hour.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! The hours are flying fast.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! The day will soon be past.
Cuckoo! There is work for you all to do;
So heed ye the warning. Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

(*All repeat the last four lines.*)

II.

There is time for work; there is time for play;
  Soon evening comes with its waning light;
Then after the toil of the long, long day
  We can gather around the hearth-fire bright.
Then for apples and cider and homely cheer;
  Then for laughter and jest and rhyme and tune.
Ay, these are the hours that we find most dear
  And the hours that hurry away too soon.

Yes, this is the time when the cuckoo's chime
  We would, oh, so gladly stay,
As from yon old clock on the mantle shelf
  It sings our mirth away.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! The hours are flying fast, etc.

(*All repeat the last four lines.*)

Dietrick. (*Taking a huge silver watch from his pocket.*) If you are going to begin to fight at three o'clock, you must hurry for it 's nearly four now.

Miles. But, man alive, look at the clock.

Dietrick. That clock! That is the new sign of Jan Van Pelt, the watchmaker. It does n't go.

All. It does n't go?

The Governor. Then the fight "does n't go." (*Drum-roll off stage. All in consternation.*) What 's that? The enemy?

(*General panic. Antony enters.*)

Antony. Hold! My Lord Governor! The Puritans are dismayed and are flying panic-stricken. Their flight is swift as a Dutchman's at the sound of the dinner horn. And why? Because forsooth they have heard of Antony Van Corlear and his deadly bugle. They are suing for peace.

The Governor. The cowards! They shall not have peace while we have this swaggering swashbuckler to lead us. (*Meaning Priscilla.*)

Priscilla. Oh, no. I entreat thee make peace on any terms.

The Governor. What? Is the commander-in-chief weakening? Come! Be a man!

Priscilla. Alack-a-day! I cannot.

The Governor. What do you mean, sirrah?

Priscilla. Because I am a simple Puritan damsel.

Hendrick. Yes, she is my betrothed, Priscilla.

Dietrick. Then who has been the spy in our midst?

Miles. There has been no spy but myself. All is fair in love and war, and am in both.

Katrina. So if you 'll consent to our immediate marriage —?

Priscilla. And ours?

Dietrick and The Governor. Marriage?

The Governor. Oh, what will my descendants say to this?

Priscilla. They will probably allude to it as the union of our oldest families.

Hendrick. Ay, and will be proud to call themselves descendants of the Puritans and the Knickerbockers.

FINALE.

The Governor.
To my house let them be guided
In a festival array;
Wedding feasts shall be provided
For these couples twain straightway.

All.
Now our joy is most decided
And we toss our caps on high,
With a hip hurrah for the bonny bride
Whom we took to be a spy.

(*Dance and curtain.*)

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